Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a *Welchman.*

Pist. A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen?*

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll.*

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist.

Pist. Pistoll is my nam

Enter Gowe

Gower. Captaine *Flew*

Flew. In the name of
It is the greateſt folly i
Prerogatiues of the wa
I warrant you, if you lo
You ſhall finde no tittl
But you ſhall finde the
And the ceremonies to

Gow. Why the enemy

Flew. Godes ſollud, i
A nd a prating cocks-
Afoole, and a prating
In your conſcience no

Gower. Ile ſpeake lo

Flew. I beſeech you

King. Though it ap
Yet there's much care

En

1. *Soul.* Is not that t

2. *Soul.* I, we ſee the
God knowes whethe

3. *Soul.* Well, I thin
Vp to the necke in th
And ſo I would he w

King. Now maſters

3. *Soul.* Ifaith ſmall
Ere this day to an en

King. Why feare n

2. *Soul.* I he may be

King. Nay ſay not
The Violet ſmels to
Therefore if he ſee